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EIGHTH.

Why on a fatal day, O cruel gale,
Thy sportive spleen on Stella didst thou vent;
When in a gig her rapid course she bent,
Charms so deceitful, why didst thou reveal?
Oh, had some balmily zephyrs gently blown,
Had Stella sought some green sequester'd shade,
Then her deception ne'er had been betray'd,
And her false beauty I should ne'er have known.
Her graceful mien no more I'll idolize.
Malignant gale...O be that day accurst,
When on her lovely form thy anger burst,
And fleeting charms display'd before mine eyes.
Curst be the time, when seated in her gig,
Thou, spite of fillets, blew away her wing.

x. y. z.

NINTH.
TO C. J. FOX.

27th Dec. 1796.

Chief hope of bleeding England...tis to thee,
That all whose hearts with honest fervour burn,
For their dear native country; all who spurn
Corruption's gilded chains...and will be free.
To thee th' indignant eyes unceasing turn,
And trust that glorious moment soon to see,
When the fair wreath by patriot virtue won,
Shall bind thy temples...when this suff'ring land,
Scar'd with a thousand wounds, and half undone,
Shall owe to thee, and thy illustrious band,
That she, from Chatham's base degenerate son,

Is timely rescu'd; ere his faithless hand
With ruffian dagger her best blood shall drain,
While struggling Britons curse their fate in vain.

T. C. D.

TO A RED-BREAST,**MY DAILY VISITOR.**

Written in 1798, while in a state of concealment. The writer succeeded in getting out to America after 1798.

HAIL, sweetest warbler, Red-breast, dear!
That hover'st round my blest retreat,
Thou com'st my pensive thoughts to cheer,
And eke my rising hopes to greet:
To gild a wretch's lone abode,
Thou hail'st the morn with sportive glee,
And leav'st at eve a lighten'd load
On him, who mourns his liberty.
Ah! happy songster! Red-breast dear!
No tort'ring thoughts possess thy breast,
Thy eye need shed no selfish tear,
Nor fear-form'd visions break thy rest;
No fellow-warbler's rancorous soul
For thee doth earthly death decree,
Nor seeks by mean usurp'd controul,
To rob thee of thy liberty.
Why hither led by piercing eye,
With hardy-bill my window beat?
Why thus affright the fluttering fly
That hides from summer's ardent heat?
Does the base wish that bosom fill,
Its keen devourer soon to be?
Ah! no, thou seek'st as heaven's high will,
To grant it's birth-right, liberty.
Come then, soft warbler, Red-breast dear!
Why droop those sympathetic wings?
Why beats that heart with friendly fear?
Lo! hope full fledg'd, exulting springs,
Repeat! repeat thy wood-notes o'er,
Nor from this hallow'd mansion flee:
When tyrant's thunders cease to roar,
I'll share with thee, blest liberty.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS MANUFACTURES, &c.

Patent of Mr. Joseph Bramah, of Pimlico, Middlesex, Engineer, for a method of making pens.

Dated Sept. 1809.

THE first object of this patent mentioned in the specification, is to make a number of pens of a single quill. Which is effected by